



HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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No. 19.

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# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

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## AN ADVENTURE IN RUSSIA.

SEVERAL years ago there happened to be in Russia three American travelers who were just about completing a tour in Europe by visiting the scenes of that land of ice and snow. They were at St. Petersburg at a time when the Czar Alexander chanced

One day they came to an opening in a thick hedge which latter surrounded a garden that was under most careful cultivation. They thoughtlessly passed through this hedge and for some time wandered about the charming walks. Suddenly in their stroll they came upon a party of men whom they instantly recognized by their uniforms to be



THE UNEXPECTED MEETING.

to be there, and as the latter was in constant fear of his life because of the sad fate which had overtaken his father, every stranger or suspicious citizen was placed under the strictest surveillance. Our countrymen being accustomed to go when and where they desired, and not knowing that police had been detailed to watch them, strolled aimlessly about looking at the various sights of the city.

Russian officers. The astonishment of the latter seemed greater than that of the former at the unexpected encounter. The Americans endeavored to offer a few words of explanation for their presence, but they could but poorly express themselves. The officers, however, after a few words of consultation suddenly sent one of their number away in great haste. His absence was brief, however,

but when he returned it was in company of the police who took into custody the intruders.

They were hustled off to one of the numerous Russian prisons, and to their amazement they soon discovered that they were suspected of being Nihilists with designs against the life of the Czar. One strong evidence of their guilt was that they were found in the imperial gardens. Their attempted explanations were laughed away, and matters began to look serious with them, when the American consul came to their aid. They soon convinced him of their innocence of any evil intent, and, after some little trouble and delay, he succeeded in effecting their release. Thereafter, during their further stay, they were very guarded in their movements.

"As an example of the strange contrasts of real Russia," says a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, "we will cite two anecdotes that were related to us by a distinguished official, whose intention was certainly not to throw dust in our eyes, or even to astonish us beyond measure. The conversation happened to turn upon General Loris Melikoff, the famous chief of the dreaded 'third section.' The Emperor, we were told by our informant, had given Loris Melikoff unbounded power to act against the Nihilists, and had virtually created him Vice-Emperor, as Melikoff himself used to say. Now Melikoff had discovered that one of the leading Nihilist chiefs was in the habit of frequently visiting Count Tolstoi, the novelist, and one day he went out to Tolstoi's country house. Before the visitor had announced himself, Tolstoi recognized him and said :

" 'You are Loris Melikoff, chief of the third section. Do you come to see me officially, or as a private man? If you come officially, here are my keys; search; open everything. You are free.' "

" 'I come not officially,' " replied Melikoff.

" 'Very good,' " answered Tolstoi; and calling two mujiks, he said to them, " 'Throw this man out of the house! "

"The mujiks obeyed Tolstoi to the letter,

and Loris Melikoff had to accept this treatment, for in his way Tolstoi is a mightier man even than 'our father the Tsar.' In the eyes of the Russian people he is an exceptional being, being more than a saint, and almost a savior.

"The mention of Loris Melikoff brought up another anecdote. Some twelve years ago the Emperor sent for Melikoff and announced to him that the plague was raging in two villages of the empire, and ordered him to do whatever was needful with a view to stopping its ravages, at the same time giving him unlimited powers.

"Thereupon Loris Melikoff went first of all to the Minister of Finance, informed him that he should perhaps require a great deal of money, in order to carry out the Emperor's commands, and demanded a credit of fifty millions of rubles. The Minister of Finance made a long face, but was unable to refuse. Loris Melikoff then posted to the villages in question, and having observed the situation, he telegraphed for twenty fire-engines to be sent from the neighboring towns, had the pumps charged with petroleum, and ordered the firemen to approach the villages by night, inundate the cottages with petroleum, set them on fire, and save nobody. The order was executed; the cottages and their few hundred inhabitants—men, women, children and cattle—were burnt to ashes, and those two villages disappeared from the map of Russia and from the registrars of the empire. The measure was radical, but it stamped out the plague effectually. Loris Melikoff thereupon reported to the Emperor that his commands had been executed, and then called on the Minister of Finance to tell him that out of the credit of fifty millions of rubles granted to him he had spent only two hundred rubles to buy petroleum, and that consequently his Excellency the Minister could dispose of the balance.

"In both of these stories, which we have reason to believe to be literally exact, we find that curious mixture of the grandiose, of ostentation, and of barbaric recklessness

which are characteristic of the Russian temperament."

We sometimes hear of people in this country who complain of the restrictions placed upon them. Such should go to Russia for a short time and there be subject to the police regulations. If we are not very much mistaken they would soon return with more exalted ideas of the blessings which are enjoyed by the people in this land of the free.

*H. A. C.*

### THE POWER OF PRAYER.

Read before a Conference of the Sabbath School,  
Y. M. and Y. L. A. of the St. George Stake  
of Zion, at Pine Valley, Utah, July  
15th and 16th, 1889.

**T**HERE is a sublime philosophy in prayer. Bowing the knee before the Supreme Ruler implies a humble confession of personal weakness, an acknowledgment of past obligations and a petition for future favors. It invokes the assistance of unseen Omnipotence, and acknowledges its rule over the invisible forces that sway the destiny of the universe. When an honest man views the mighty works of God, it impresses him with his own littleness. Who can gaze on the starry heavens without realizing that man is but a worm on the shores of the ocean of creation! When we contemplate the matchless power that confines to their appointed positions the fixed stars, the wonderful force that propels the countless planets through their measured orbits; when we study the beautiful harmony resulting from the ceaseless watch care of infinite wisdom, we are forced to the conclusion that to be humble is only to be consistent. For as the vessel is always inferior to its framer, and the most beautiful work of art only a reflection of the skill and proficiency of the artist, even so the Creator is superior to creation, and all its varied beauties give only a faint conception of the grandeur and perfection of the Author of their being.

It would seem that to insure man's constant devotion needs only an assurance that he can influence that power in his own behalf. Nor is such assurance wanted. The most authentic histories of our race attest that the power is inherent in man to exert an influence with Him who controls the issues of life.

As faith is the great moving force of the universe, so prayer is the medium through which faith prevails with God. It is the lever which has often moved the heavens. The prayer of Abraham saved him from the murderous knife of the idolatrous priest of Elkenah. When God threatened to destroy rebellious Israel, the intercession of Moses saved a nation. The prayers of Joshua stayed the motion of the earth on its axis and postponed the darkness of approaching night until Israel were revenged of their enemies. Prayer gave to Hannah the coveted boon of motherhood and the parentage of one of Israel's chosen prophets. It brought repentant Jonah from the whale's belly and started him again with the warning message to Nineveh. The prayers of Daniel and his brethren saved the wise men of Babylon, revealed to king Nebuchadnezzar his dream and its interpretation, and gave to the world three thousand years of its future history. Prayer brought Alma and Amulek safe from the crumbling walls of Ammonihah's prison, and visited swift retribution upon the heads of their persecutors. Nephi, the son of Helaman, so far influenced the heavens as to change the judgments of war and bloodshed among the wicked Nephites to those of famine and pestilence, and again, upon their repentance, his prayers sufficed to cause the rain to fall and the earth to bring forth in its strength for the sustenance of man and beast.

But we have abundant evidence to show that in the last days God has lost none of His power to hear nor the disposition to answer the petitions of His children. No greater results ever followed the prayer of faith than when in the spring of 1820 a fourteen year old boy sought the seclusion of the woods near the village of Palmyra, New York, when

distracted by the discordant doctrines of false teachers. In the anxiety of his soul he obeyed the counsel of the Apostle James and sought of God the wisdom he lacked to know the way to be saved. That prayer of boyish innocence stirred the resentment of hell and brought the prince of darkness to exert all his powers to prevent the outpouring of heavenly light which he knew would follow. It moved the heavens and brought to earth the Father and the Son. It restored to earth the knowledge of the distinct personality of God the Father and of His Son Jesus Christ. It brought righteousness down out of heaven and caused truth to spring out of the earth. It revealed a hidden record containing the history of a continent and the fullness of the everlasting gospel. It formed the initial movement for the ushering in of the "dispensation of the fullness of times." It began "the restitution of all things spoken of by the mouths of all the holy prophets since the world began," the first of a series of messages borne by authorized immortal ambassadors bearing the keys of the gathering of Israel, the binding of the children to the fathers from the beginning of time, and of the fathers to the children, until a new heaven and a new earth shall crown the works of the Father with the glory and excellence for which they were created.

*S. F. D.*

#### TELLING MOTHER.

I WAS visiting in a pretty little city lately, and was the guest of a perfectly regulated family. One felt as though living in a story book. Not a fault was visible, and the domestic machinery showed no sign of friction. But there was one thing I noticed at last. A sixteen-year-old grand-daughter was the youngest member of the house; and though she was plump and pretty and altogether winsome, or would have been had she possessed the smallest freedom, she was in a constant effort to appear dignified and converse as wisely as her

elders. Not the smallest burst of confidence seemed to pass between her beautiful mamma and herself. A girlish illusion to some—to her, an event of interest—was instantly frowned down, and she was told not to be silly.

Coming home from a meeting one evening, Kittie linked her deliciously plump little arm with mine, and quickening her steps, drew me with her, out of ear shot from the others.

"Do you know," said she, "I feel that you will let me talk to you; I wish you lived here and I could see you often. Mamma will not let me tell her anything. She says girls at my age are so silly. I know I am," pathetically, and spoken in a manner that would have set the average young man off his base entirely. But Kittie hadn't the least idea she was attractive; she was merely sorrowful over the fact that she could not converse learnedly and with supreme decorum.

"Yes," she resumed, "I long to tell mamma things that happen and ask her about them only I'm afraid to."

"You would better tell her anyway, Kittie; no one can advise you so well as your mamma."

"I know it, but she won't listen. I have been thinking of something all day, and I want to tell some one. As I was going to school this morning I met a traveling man who came in on one of yesterday's trains, the girls say, and he looked so straight into my face and smiled. Oh, how my heart did beat! I told the girls at school, and they said I had made a mash and ought to flirt with him. But I don't know how, even if I thought it no harm—which I know it is. He was actually at meeting tonight and kept looking toward our seat. I just feel scared whenever I think of him. And yet there's a silly something about me that makes me like to be noticed. Is it wrong?"

"Did you tell your mamma of this stranger, Kittie?"

"I began to, but she said, 'Don't let me hear any more of such silly twaddle,' so I did not finish. Sometimes I feel like I must do



something to shock someone—I am so pent up—or I can't tell what does ail me."

"Well, Kittie dear, always keep your dear little heart pure. This handsome stranger, I noticed him tonight, is insulting in his attention to you, and your own good sense has told you so. It is only natural that you should like admiration; few women do not, despite their protest to the reverse. Yet there is a vast difference between the notice of a stranger who may be a married man, and the polite attention of some young man whom it is easy for you to know. But, Kittie dear, you are much too young for the attention of even the nice young men you know. The silly feeling which you deplore is but the awakening of recognized womanhood. Men are perverse beings, and some, to whom we will not ascribe it, will look their admiration into a pretty face in spite of duennas. But, Kittie, though they may look at you admiringly, yet did you in the least return this glance, their respect for you is at an end, though they may never learn your name, which, however, the chances, are they will then seek to learn.

"My dear little friend, I wish I might take all young girls (motherless, and those who have mothers and yet motherless) in my arms and hold them safely there till they have passed the mile stones between girlhood and the full glory of womanly wisdom. Go on trying to tell your mother, Kittie; she will listen after a while, I think."

We had turned in at the gate, and were ascending the piazza steps. Next day I talked to Kittie's mother and, I believe, opened her eyes.

How many mothers are thus unconsciously driving their daughters to a life of wrong by the very means which they seek to hold them in the paths of right. And, mothers, the very first step toward your fair young daughter's undoing is to repel her confidence. Listen, though it does tire you, do not chide just then, if your innate tact and wisdom tell you 'tis best to not do so. But with this same tact and wisdom keep the lines of love still

drawn about her, and at the right time drop your seed of counsel into fertile soil. The crown of pure womanhood which your daughter will of a surety wear, will be your lasting reward.

Mothers, this is a grave subject; think upon it. *M. M.*

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### REUNITED.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 438]

THE reader will wonder why such a man as John Hardcastle came and demanded marriage of Mrs. Drayton. It was not with any honorable intention; but he thought he could gain a little money by such an alliance. There had been an advertisement in the papers for some time for the whereabouts of a Mrs. Ethel Drayton (formerly Ethel Templeton) and her son, stating that her father, Reginald Templeton wished to reinstate her in her former position. John Hardcastle having seen the notice, thought by marrying her he could gain what money she would possess at the death of her father. Such was the infamous scheme of this man. He wished by one grand stroke to gain a princely fortune. It was not his nature to love nor was it love he was seeking, but gold, which makes all men who have such a craving for it both spendthrifts and profligates.

We will now follow the fortunes of Reginald Drayton.

After Reginald had left his home he was at a loss which way to go to get honest work. He was almost a stranger in this city, his mother being the only true friend he had, and he naturally felt disheartened at the dreary prospect he had before him in the matter of employment. After thinking for awhile he seemed to brace up, his face brightened and there was a fixed, determined look on it which seemed to say that he would not give way to sorrow, but that he would go manfully and boldly forward and try what he could do. He quickened his steps and entered one of the busiest thoroughfares of that part. The hur-

ried tramp, tramp of feet as they journeyed to and fro on their march to their daily labors met him on all sides, and it seemed one never-ending tramp as he gazed upon the scene. He stood for a few moments and watched the various vehicles as they went along heavily laden with merchandise, and the merry din of traffic seemed to be continually in his ears. He had been gazing but a short time when he espied a gentleman who was hurrying with great strides along that crowded part accidentally drop his pocket-book on the ground. Quick as thought our hero rushed forward and picked it up and hurried as fast as he could after the gentleman. He managed to catch up with him as he was on the point of entering the door of a large residence. He laid a detaining hand upon the gentleman's arm and said:

"This fell out of your pocket, sir, as you were walking along the square."

"Oh! thank you, my boy; will you come in with me?"

"Yes, sir," shyly answered Reginald.

"Well, my boy, follow me," and the gentleman ushered him into a parlor which was sumptuously furnished, and besides, it was warm and comfortable, with a bright fire burning in the grate, which cast a genial glow upon all who went within its range.

"Sit down, my little fellow," said the merchant, and while Reginald was quietly ensconcing himself in a nice, easy chair, the gentleman glanced at the contents of his book and found them to be intact. Looking down into the boy's face he was struck by something in it which reminded him of someone he had lost.

"My boy," he said, "I am very thankful that you found this book, for its contents are worth a great amount of money to me, and I would like to reward you, if you will only tell me how I can."

"I do not need reward for what I have done, sir."

"I like your noble way, but still I shall feel I am indebted to you if you still decline

to receive any remuneration," said the merchant.

"I do not want rewarding for being honest, sir," he replied.

The gentleman looked at the boy's pleasant, upturned face, and seemed pleased with its frank expression. Being struck with a sudden thought, he said,

"What is your name?"

"Reginald Drayton, sir."

"Reginald Drayton!" he said, turning pale in its utterance. "Are you an orphan?"

"Not exactly, sir. I have my dear mother for company," Reginald answered.

"What is her full name?" he gasped.

"Ethel Drayton," he replied.

And as the boy uttered it the merchant's face wore an agonized look. At last he had found what he had long sought. Providence had put it in his way to redress the wrong he had wrought years before. His was the hand that had brought his daughter to such a pass, and he must try and regain his long lost child.

Mr. Templeton was a man rather advanced in years, with a firm and erect carriage. He was still handsome, although lines could be seen on his face, which were a sign of care and toil and as if he had something troubling him. He had a large business in the central part of the city which brought him a handsome income.

Presently Mr. Templeton looked up and said,

"You must be hungry, will you come with me and have some lunch?" and without waiting for an answer he ushered the boy into a splendid dining room, where a rich repast was laid.

The room was occupied by another young person about the same age as Reginald. It was the ward of Mr. Templeton. She was a daughter of a dear friend of his, having been given into his care to educate and clothe until she became of age.

"Mabel, my dear, I have brought this young gentleman to dine with us."

"All right, guardie; I shall be pleased to have his company," said Mabel. And after



a formal introduction, Mr. Templeton related to her all that had passed between them.

Reginald seemed rather shy at first with being in the company of such people. But he put into practice the good instructions his mother had given him in regard to manners and good behavior, and his shyness gradually wore off and he conversed with the greatest freedom. His young hostess seemed pleased with him, for she had found that he acted as a gentleman in spite of his shabby clothes. She had a feeling for him which she could not overcome. It was something more than friendship, and time would prove its issue.

Reginald unfolded to Mr. Templeton the history of his past life, and told him the cause of his starting out that morning; how he wished to get employment to maintain his dear mother. Tears stood in the merchant's eyes as he listened to the boy's narrative. And when he had finished he told him not to be afraid of obtaining work, for he should have employment under him whenever he desired. Mr. Templeton turned to Reginald as he was preparing to leave and said,

"You will come and see me tomorrow, I hope."

"Yes, sir, I will if you wish it."

"I do wish it," said the merchant. "For I may prove of service to you and your mother."

"About what time shall I come, sir?"

"As early as you can."

"Very well, sir, I will come at about nine o'clock."

"All right, my boy; so I will bid you good-bye for the present," said the gentleman, and slipping a five dollar piece into his hand, he hastened away without waiting to receive any thanks.

Reginald hurried home with a lighter heart than he had when he started, and arrived as his mother was preparing his frugal meal.

"Well, mother, here I am," he said, as he opened the door.

"Why! what a time you've been away, my boy. I had given you up for lost. But what have you got under your arm?"

"Why, I thought you would like something nice for dinner, so I called at James' store and got these things."

"You are too good, my boy, in your endeavors to make your mother happy. But where did you get your money from; I hope you have come by it honestly."

"Yes, mother, I have obtained it honestly," said Reginald.

He then related to his mother all that had occurred, not omitting any of the conversation he had with Mr. Templeton.

"What name did you say?" Mrs. Drayton said as he was concluding.

"Mr. Reginald Templeton" he answered.

"Templeton" she gasped forth, and she felt that something was about to transpire which would either result for the better or worse.

"Why mother," he said, "you look pale, are you ill?"

"No my boy, I am all right excepting a slight headache," she replied. She was, however, filled somewhat with fear and apprehension at what she had heard. She was too overwhelmed to speak. Something seemed to tell her that the "dark clouds" would pass away. She felt that her troubles and trials would soon cease and that she would be happy once more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE FORMALIST.—There are some if you would see their goodness, and be acquainted with their godliness, you must hit the right time, or else you will find none, like some flowers that are seen but some months in the year. This may be in the morning: you may take the hypocrite on his knees in a saint's posture; but when that fit is over, you shall see little of God in all its course, till night brings him again, of course, to the like duty. The watch is naught that goes only at first winding up, and stands all the day after; and so is that heart, sure, that desires not always to keep in spiritual motion.

## For Our Little Folks.

### LITTLE SUSY'S LESSON.

"SUSY, you were a very good girl at meeting this morning."

"How could I be naughty, mamma?"

"Oh! in a great many ways. One child could disturb fifty people."

"What could it do?"

It could keep getting up and down on its seat. It could keep asking if service was almost done. It could turn over the leaves of the hymn book and rattle them. It could gape, yawn, and fidget. Or it might turn round and look into other people's faces in a rude way."

"Mamma," she said, "it is hard to sit still."

"I know it is, and that is one reason why it is good for you to go to meeting. You know you must keep still, and try to learn to do it. And it is well to learn to do hard things."

"What for do little children go to meeting?" asked Susy. "They don't know what the preacher says."

"No, I know they don't understand much. But there are a good many reasons why they should go to meeting, even then. I cannot explain them all to such a little girl as you are. But one reason is this: If they always go when they are children, they will be likely to go when they are grown up. Besides, nobody goes just to hear what the preacher

says. We go to worship God. Even little Susy can please and honor Him by just sitting still in His house, and making no noise. And some of the blessings He has for grown people He showers down on the little ones who are brought there to get it."

Susy smiled.

"I'll sit still, and maybe He'll shower some on me," said she.

"You needn't say 'maybe,'" said Faith. "You may say, 'He certainly will.'"

*A Mother.*

### DOING THINGS WELL.

"THERE!" said Harry throwing down the shoe brush, "that'll do. My shoes don't look very bright, but no matter. Who cares?"

"Whatever is worth while doing at all is worth doing well," said his father, who had heard the boy's careless speech.

Harry blushed, while his father continued:—

"My boy, your shoes look wretchedly. Pick up the brush and make them shine; when you have finished them come into the house."

As soon as Harry appeared with his well-polished shoes, his father said:—

"I have a little story to tell you. I once knew a poor boy whose mother taught him the proverb which I repeated to you a few minutes ago. This boy went out to service in a

gentleman's family and he took pains to do everything well, no matter how unimportant it seemed. His employer was pleased and took him into his shop. He did his work well there, and when sent on errands went quickly and was soon back in his place. So he advanced from step to step until he became clerk, and then a partner in the business. He is now a rich man and anxious that his son Harry should practice the rule that made him prosper."

"Why, papa, were you a poor boy once?"

"Yes, my son, so poor that I had to go out to service and black boots and wait at table and do any service that was required of me. By doing these little things well I was soon intrusted with more important ones."

*D. A.*

---

#### BABY DICK.

WHEN quiet the little noisy feet,  
And hushed the laughter gay,  
You may be sure he's planning then  
Some merry tricks to play;  
And, oh! the rumpled frock and curls  
Each night it's sad to see,  
But who with darling Baby Dick  
Could ever angry be?  
Big brothers Jack and Hal from school,  
And grown-up sister Nan,  
With one accord, delight to spoil  
And pet the little man.  
And when in some nice nook he's found,  
On mischief fresh intent,  
They'll smile, and give the rosy face  
A kiss as punishment.

*E. G.*

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY PUBLISHED IN NO. 17, VOL XXIV.

1. WHO was by virtue of his calling the most prominent figure in the history of the Church after the death of the Prophet Joseph? A. Brigham Young.

2. What was his father's name, and when and where was he born? A. John Young was born March 7th, 1763, in Hopkinton, Massachusetts.

3. What did he engage in when in his early youth? A. When sixteen years of age he enlisted in the Revolutionary army, and served in the war under Gen. Washington.

4. How many children had he and what were their names? A. Twelve; their names in the order of their birth were; Nancy, Fanny, Rhoda, John, Nabby, Susannah, Joseph, Phineas Howe, Brigham, Louisa, Lorenzo Dow and Edward.

5. When and where was Brigham Young born? A. On June 1st, 1801, at Whitingham, Windham County, Vermont.

6. When and where did he and his father's house hear the first news of the restoration of the gospel? A. In 1831, at Mendon, Munroe County, New York.

7. How many of the family joined the Church? A. Every living member; also sons-in-law and daughters-in-law.

---

THE following are the names of

those who correctly answered Questions on Church History published in No. 17: Henry H. Blood, Heber C. Blood, Jennetta Blood, Emma E. Tolman and Annie Sylvia Sessions.

#### QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. How were the boyhood days of President Brigham Young spent? 2. Did he attend school during his early life? 3. Who are the truly educated? 4. At what age did he become identified with religion? 5. To what denomination did he attach himself? 6. What occupations did he follow in his youth? 7. At what age was he married and to whom? 8. Where did he first meet with Brother Heber C. Kimball?

#### A "HEATHEN CHINEE."

"YOU can form no notion of the impudence of these rascals," says a San Francisco magnate, denouncing the Chinese. "Only the other day, in our rainy season, when the mud was fifteen inches deep in Montgomery Street, a yellow chap, in fur tippet and purple satin gown, was crossing over the road by a plank, when one of our worthy citizens, seeing how nicely he was dressed, more like a lady than a tradesman, ran on the plank to meet him, and, when the fellow stopped and stared, just gave him a little jerk

and whisked him, with a waggish laugh, into the bed of slush.

"Ha! ha! You should have seen the crowd of people mocking the heathen Chinees as he picked himself up in his soiled tippet and satin gown!"

"Did anyone in the crowd stand treat all around?"

"Well, no; that heathen Chinese rather turned the laugh aside."

"Ah, how was that?"

"No white man can conceive the impudence of these Chinese. Moon-face picked himself up, shook off a little of the mire, and looking mildly at our worthy citizen, curtsied like a girl, saying to him, in a voice every one standing round could hear,

"You Christian; me heathen; goodbye."

The "heathen Chinese" *did* turn the laugh aside. He was a gentleman; the citizen was neither a Christian nor a gentleman. *A.*

#### BABIES MARRIED.

AN ARMENIAN missionary describes the social condition of the people in that country—especially the children.

"Girls, newly born, are hastily engaged to boys not yet a year old. In every house there are several engaged girls, and also several engaged boys; so that if we should wish to engage our Zenope (about four years old), perhaps we could find a girl,

but it would be necessary to wait until a new one was born; then, if we heard quickly of her birth, we might secure her; otherwise there would be no hope. These past days several children were married who could not tie their girdles, they were so small.

"In my school some of the boys and girls are married, and some are engaged. The girls are sold, as cows and other animals, for from seventy-five to one hundred and seventy-five dollars."

Here is what they must expect when they go to live with their husbands:

"Many times I have seen great loads on the backs of young brides. The women bring water from a great distance. They wash their clothes with their feet in cold water, without soap. Their washing places lie on my way to school. Often I see ten or fifteen women descend to the river, who continually so strike the clothes, keeping time with their feet, that they make a great noise. This winter there came so great cold that I hardly dared go out; yet in the coldest weather the women, in crowds, washed their clothes standing in the freezing water. I wonder they did not freeze." Z.

"CONSCIENCE," said a little girl one day to her mamma, "is Jesus whispering in our hearts." She understood the matter very well.

#### NOT WANTED.

THE other day a neat-looking boy applied to a gentleman in Philadelphia for employment. He had a good place in his office that he wanted filled. "I think I have seen you before my boy." The boy brightened up at the recognition. "I rode down in the car with you this morning, and you had a comfortable seat and kept it, while a dozen young women, who had to be on their feet all day were standing. You won't do for me." And he lost the place.

#### EVENING PRAYER.

Now the day of work is done,  
Now the quiet night's begun,  
And I lay my tired head  
Safe within my little bed;  
Savior, hear me,  
Be Thou near me,  
Till the hours of dark have fled.

#### A GRATEFUL COW.

A WOMAN in England had a cow which she used to pet a great deal. One day the cow seeing this woman's husband beating her, came charging up the field, and attacked the man with such ferocity that he was glad to retreat. The cow then took up a position by the woman's side, and stood there until she was able to take refuge from her husband.

THE eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.


# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1889.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### Signs of the Times.

 N AGE of disasters is the present. All the signs foretold by the Savior and the prophets, which were to precede the second coming of the Lord, are being witnessed at the present time. The news that comes to us every day over the wires brings word of calamities of every description. We hear of cyclones, of shipwrecks, of floods, of the sea heaving itself beyond its bounds, of earthquakes, of collisions upon railroads, of murders and suicides, of wars and rumors of wars, until the ear is vexed with the tidings. We read of more calamities in one day than formerly were known in a month. Yet these things have come along so gradually that men attach no importance to them. Though they are intended as signs of the coming of the Lord, and the near approach of the end, mankind fail to perceive in these events any of the signs which the prophets have described.

It is remarkable how blind the human family is upon these points. In reading the predictions in the Bible and in the Book of Mormon and Book of Covenants, it might be naturally supposed that when men saw the events which are there predicted coming to pass they would acknowledge them as the signs given by the Lord; but this is not the case. It has been so also in other generations. The Lord has sent His messengers to warn the people, and inspired by Him, they have foretold concerning calamities that were coming upon the people, but blinded by Satan, and indifferent to all entreaties and warnings they have hardened their hearts, and the judgments of God have descended upon them, without their acknowledging that they came from God, or that the prophets who foretold them were true prophets.

This appears to be the case in our day. In vain the servants of the Lord call upon the people in tones of warning to take the course which God points out for their deliverance. The great majority are as deaf to all such appeals as the people were in the days of Noah. If they are spoken to about judgments and calamities they reply, "These things have been witnessed in every age. It is true we hear more of them now than we did formerly, but that is because we have the telegraph, which flashes the news to us from all parts of the world; and then we have the daily papers, which collect this news, and this is sent from one place to another until there is scarcely a crime committed anywhere that is not published."

In this manner this generation is closing its eyes to the dreadful events which are taking place. The people will not understand the warnings which are sent to them, nor take any measures to save themselves from the destruction that is coming upon them.

It might have been thought that when the prediction of the Prophet Joseph concerning the war that should break out between the north and south would be fulfilled, that every one who knew about that revelation would have believed that Joseph was a true prophet. But though that revelation was given in 1832, and was made known and published to the world in 1850, upwards of ten years before its fulfillment, yet there were but few who put any confidence in it before its fulfillment, or afterwards believed that Joseph was an inspired prophet. Before it was fulfilled men denied the possibility of such a war occurring. After the war did break out, then they said it needed no prophet to foretell the breaking out of a civil war. In this way they permit Satan to deceive them.

And so it is with other events. Before they take place men assert that they are most unlikely to happen. After they have occurred they turn round and say, "Oh, it was easy to perceive that these things would come to pass."

But God intends to hold a controversy with



the nations of the earth. He is calling upon men everywhere to repent. For this purpose His Elders are traveling from land to land, lifting up their voices and declaring to the people the great truths which God has revealed. But what a fate is that of these Elders! In the United States they are treated nearly everywhere with the greatest indifference and coldness. In fact, it is almost as much as a man's life is worth to preach the gospel in many places in these United States.

The Elders have submitted to very many hardships, and to much cruel treatment. If they did not love the souls of men and feel the weight of their calling from the Lord, they would not endure such afflictions. But it is a grand spectacle, and one with which God is greatly pleased, to see the zeal and devotion and self-denial of the Elders in this Church. They go forth leaving their families and their friends, and the delightful associations of home, and go out without purse and script, to carry the gospel of salvation to those who sit in darkness. They are hated and ill-treated. Every kind of offensive epithet is bestowed upon them. In many instances they are treated with the utmost coldness and neglect, and can scarcely find a shelter for the night, and many of the Elders spend a good many nights in the open air. And in addition to these hardships they are treated in many places with indignity and violence, and their lives are sought for; yet they bear all these without murmuring, returning good for evil and bearing witness to the Lord and to mankind that they are truly the disciples of the Lord Jesus, who, when Himself upon the earth, suffered in like manner.

Who can look at the labors of these Elders traveling in many lands in this manner and enduring all these privations without being struck with the wonderful nobility of their characters, and the grandeur of their labors in their endeavors to save the souls of the children of men? The Lord looks down with great acceptance upon His servants who thus labor. Their warnings He takes note of, and

His judgments will go forth upon the wicked, and they will weep and mourn because of the calamities which will befall them. A heavy judgment and condemnation awaits the nations who refuse to listen to the heavenly message, and who treat these messengers sent by God in such a wicked manner.

One would think, if experience did not prove otherwise, that the world would be converted at witnessing the zeal and devotion of the Elders in this Church.

Mankind, if they would open their eyes, would see that these men are bringing forth fruits which prove that they are disciples of the Lord Jesus, and that they have the Spirit of His gospel with them and accompanying all their words and actions. But, alas for the world! it closes its eyes against all these manifestations. The voices of the Elders are not listened to, their message is rejected, and now the voice of judgment is also unheeded. And thus it will be until the fierce anger and indignation of the Lord is kindled against the inhabitants of the earth, and they will be swept away as they were in the days of Noah by the judgments of the Almighty.

READERS OF THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, thank the Lord with all your hearts that you are in a position to see and understand His purposes in the light of His Holy Spirit. You are warned. Pray the Lord to help you prepare your hearts to receive His word, and to keep your eyes open to behold His wonderful providence in your behalf.

DISTANCE in truth produces in idea the same effect as in real perspective. Objects are softened, rounded and rendered doubly graceful; the harsher and more ordinary points of character are melted down, and those by which it is remembered, are the more striking outlines that mark sublimity, grace, or beauty. There are mists, too, in the mental as in the natural horizon, to conceal what is less pleasing in distant objects; and there are happy lights to stream in full glory upon those points which can profit by brilliant illumination.

## AN INCIDENT OF EARLY DAYS.

LEVI HANCOCK was well known in the Church as one of the first Seven Presi-

West, Missouri, in March, 1838, in company with the Prophet Joseph Smith. He settled on Plum Creek, a short distance from the town. There he remained until the time had



CUT ADRIFF.

dents of Seventies. Many will be interested in the following account of how he got out of Missouri. It may be considered an extreme case, but doubtless there were many others nearly paralleling it.

Levi Hancock arrived from Ohio in Far

nearly expired within which the Saints were to leave the state. Up to that time he had spent his energies in assisting others to get away. The new year of 1839 found him nearly destitute of the means of moving and of providing ordinary necessities for his fam-

ily. The mob had killed his only cow, robbing his family of even that limited source of sustenance.

He had a blind horse, but no vehicle to carry his little children and the few household goods still retained for family use. He had a small foot lathe; this he fitted up with belts of raw hide from the skin of his cow. With this crude machinery he turned hubs for two cart wheels, split spokes out of fence rails and cut out felloes from the hewn puncheons of his cabin floor. From the puncheons he also made a rude box for his cart, and over a semblance of bows an old quilt was stretched to shelter the contents of the box from storms.

Several inches of snow covered the ground when this destitute family were forced to leave the shelter of their cabin to dare their fate in the cold of winter. It consisted of husband, wife and three children, the oldest a lad of about five years. The children were shoeless and the mother nearly so, having on her feet the tattered remains of a pair of shoes, which afforded her feet but little protection from the cold snow.

To intensify the sufferings of the lad, and to add to the keen edge of those of the father and mother, a short time previous to starting the lad, while out after the cow, was met by a couple of Missourians, and because he was a "Mormon" boy was whipped with hickory withes until his back and legs were covered with welts and cuts, from which the blood trickled down to the ground. Exposure and traveling made these partially healed wounds very painful. The mother, with wet and chilled feet and limbs and her deep sympathies for her little ones, about reached the extreme of human suffering and found some relief in tears. The husband and father, still trusting in a kindly Providence, appeared as cheerful as an aching heart made it possible.

He prophesied to his suffering companion that she should be provided with a pair of shoes in a remarkable manner. In the middle of the first day's travel they stopped to rest and warm. A good fire was made, for wood was plentiful. The mother stripped the

ragged, saturated shoes and stockings from her feet and placed them by the fire to dry. The dinner, consisting of parched corn—quite inadequate of itself to sustain the human frame, especially under such circumstances—was eaten. Preparing to resume the journey, the mother reached her hand down to take her tattered shoes, and to her astonishment she held a new pair in her hand. Both husband and wife expressed their heartfelt gratitude for this gift of a kindly Providence, so opportunely supplying a serious want.

When it stormed, mother and children huddled together under the old quilt cover of the cart. At night the meagre bed was made by the camp fire, with a log at the foot and one at the head to keep off the wind. On the single quilt that covered them was spread such outside garments as they could divest themselves of, and by sleeping together a considerable degree of warmth and comfort was obtained.

They traveled the well-worn track of those who had preceded them and arrived on the bank of the Mississippi River, opposite the town of Quincy, sometime in the month of February. An idea of the severity of the weather may be formed from the fact that the Mississippi River was frozen over and they crossed it on the ice.

Although the people of Quincy had shown much kindness to the destitute Saints, Elder Hancock continued his journey to their new location, then called Commerce, now Nauvoo. Here was enacted the closing scene in this family drama. It was still winter, and the fact had a serious significance to the poorly sheltered, half clad and famishing Saints. The faithful, blind horse had nearly dragged out his life in the service of his master. That master could not feed him and his heart rebelled against turning him out on the common with the certainty that he must gradually starve to death.

One day the lad, Mosiah, saw his father leading the faithful brute towards the river, with a wisp of provender under his arm and

an ax in his hand. Curiosity prompted the boy to follow and inquire of the father what he intended to do with the horse. Without answering his question the father ordered him somewhat sharply to return. As he did so the last he saw of the horse he was quietly eating the provender and the master was cutting a circle in the ice around him.

*Extract from James A. Little's forthcoming book "From Kirtland to Salt Lake."*

#### HARTLEY'S COOLNESS AT GIBRALTAR.

SUMMER time in sunny Spain, and the great Rock of Gibraltar reflecting the ardent rays; everything barren, arid, scorched, and the heat insufferable, in spite of the gentle breezes now and then wafted from the blue Mediterranean—wafts of air invaluable, since they bore away the dense clouds of smoke that hung about the face of the rock, filling the casemates, and blinding the gunners with their sulphurous fumes. For one of the great sieges to which this fortress has been subjected was at its height, and the jealous Spaniard eagerly watched for an opportunity of dislodging the gallant islanders who held that portion of his soil. The business of the siege progressed. The rock by the batteries sent forth its splinters to deal destruction around at every impact of the Spanish shot; but the return fire was of the most telling description, and most steadily kept up, our men feeling proud of the opportunities given for silencing the guns of the Don.

But removed from the smoke and din, in the laboratory of the garrison, surrounded by the chemistry of war, sat one man, a humble private of artillery. His it was, while his comrades worked the guns in the suffocating casemates of the covered batteries, to prepare the shells for the use of the mortars. A dangerous task; so dangerous, in fact, that even the examination of the deadly missiles is considered sufficiently perilous on board

ship to warrant a stage being slung over the side, to be occupied by only one or two men, the others being kept at a distance. But familiarity with peril robs men of their fear, and Hartley sat busily making ready shell after shell, filling them with the explosive composition, and afterwards fitting in the fuses, driving them home, and ranging the prepared shells in cases till they should be fetched, to be sent in fiery arcs to deal death and destruction among the enemy.

The laboratory was at that time full of explosive material, every grain of which was of inestimable value to the beleaguered garrison; and it had been accordingly placed in a position which rendered it impossible for the shot or shell of the enemy to reach it. But now the danger guarded against from without threatened, if possible, more terribly from within—threatened to destroy at one blow the whole of the explosive compounds stored for defense, and this at a time when such a loss would have been irreparable. Shell after shell had been filled, the grim black spheres, as they lay ready, giving but small signs of their deadly power—the force that should rend them into innumerable sherds of cast-iron, each to maim or slay. Suddenly, while calmly proceeding with his work, and driving a fuse into a fresh-filled shell, the fuse took fire, hissing loudly as it discharged its rain of sparks, and burning rapidly away. There seemed hardly time for thought, much less for action, and the first feelings of Hartley were those of blank dismay. He had seen the discharge and flight of shells so often, that he knew he could only reckon upon its burning for seconds; and then would come the dire explosion that should act upon the part of the fortress where he was like an earthquake—the bursting of the shell being, as it were, but the flash in the pan that should preclude the blowing up of the laboratory. But with the calmness of a man whose trade was one which brought him daily face to face with death, Hartley seized the shell in both hands, hurried out into the open air, and then with a tremendous effort hurled the deadly globe far

into space, where, a couple of seconds after, it harmlessly burst. It was not until some time had elapsed, that the performer of this daring act could thoroughly realize the great danger that had threatened him with destruction; and though the peril was now past, it was some time after, and then only with unstrung nerves, that he returned to his perilous task, probably never for a moment thinking, in his humility, that his had been an act which history would hand down to posterity.

*IV. O.*

#### TOPICS OF THE TIMES.



THE creation of the General Church Board of Education marks an era in the history of the Latter-day Saints. It was not established one moment too soon; in fact, no Saint would have complained had it been organized at an earlier date. But notwithstanding it has been such a short time in existence, the good that it has done is incalculable. Church institutions have been established from southern Arizona to central Idaho, most of which are in a healthy and progressive condition. The number of these institutions has nearly doubled since last year. In Idaho there is special need for such schools, as the Legislative Assembly of that Territory has passed a law making education compulsory; consequently, where a child can not go to a church or a private school it is compelled under heavy penalties to the parent to go to a district school, from which, under another Territorial law, all our members are excluded from becoming teachers. The children sent to these district schools are thus placed under influences intentionally inimical to the truths in which the Latter-day Saints so fervently believe.

But the establishment of schools is but the commencement of the labors of the Board. As the years roll by the scope of its labors will extend. The employment of principals, the whole conduct of the schools, the selec-

tion of text books and a thousand other matters will be subject to their oversight. Not with the view to interfere with the local or Stake Boards, nor to hamper the usefulness of the teacher by infringing upon his individuality, but with the intent of accomplishing the most good, obtaining the greatest amount of efficiency, and blending all the establishments, which are the subjects of its care, in one harmonious whole, which will be as advantageous to the pupil and to the parent as to the teacher and the Board.

To teach theology or the science of true religion is the distinguishing feature of the Church's scholastic institutions. At the same time, there is no intention that other branches of education shall be neglected in our colleges, academies and schools. The knowledge of God and His laws is made the basis upon which to build the superstructure of all the other branches of learning. But it is especially true of theology that learning does not make the teacher. The greatest scholar may find himself hopelessly confused when he tries to talk to young children about the existence of God and the doctrine of the atonement, ideas that lie at the foundation of our religion. The teacher has not only to convey to the minds of his pupils a theoretical understanding of these great truths, but he has also to implant a faith in, and to develop a love therefor in their hearts. He needs gifts of a very high order to enable him to achieve success. A sympathy with spiritual things, fervor, faith, insight into the mind of childhood, a command of simple language, a wealth of homely illustrations—these are among the most necessary gifts for the teacher of the truths of revealed religion. To see that men and women of this stamp are, so far as possible, employed in our Church schools is one of the duties of the General Board.

Another of the important duties that will before long devolve upon the Church Board of Education is the preparation of text books for our Church schools. Not that the Board or any of its members will necessarily write such books, but it will be its duty to encour-

age, and possibly direct, the writing of these works. That the lack of suitable text books in our schools is a serious defect every instructor associated with these institutions will, we believe, at once admit. The wonder is that a people as energetic as the Latter-day Saints have patiently endured this want for so long a time without making some organized effort to remedy it. Even if our teachers were nearer perfection than they are it would still be unjust to insist upon them carrying on their work indefinitely without text books whose writers are in sympathy with the objects to accomplish which the Church schools were established. To set ordinary teachers to work without such aids and to expect them to bring about the desired results, and infuse the proper spirit in their pupils, is almost as unreasonable as it would be to insist upon them making bricks without straw.

The trouble with too many of the text books of the present day is that they have a distinctly authenthical flavor. Their tendency is to kill faith in the minds of the young. This is especially so with text books on science. True, they may not teach infidelity in direct terms, but they do so by implication and in-direction. With historical text books the same fault can be found, though perhaps in a lesser degree, especially with those that deal with Bible history. The theory of such works too often appears to be to leave God entirely out of the history of Israel, and to ascribe to other causes than Divine interposition and guidance those events which made that people peculiarly the subjects of His care. Books on scripture history should not alone be unimpeachable records of facts; though frequently they fail even in this. They should be more than this—something more than a mere gazette; they should be living stories, not cold, lifeless narratives. They should be examples of history put to its highest use—as the means of revealing God and His dealings with mankind and of making duty clearer. The scriptures themselves may be trusted to tell their own tale infinitely better than any dry manual, and no scripture

history is justified that does not go beyond the originals by expounding their story and drawing out their truths.

*The Editor.*

#### GEMS OF TRUTH.



IF YOU possess the light of the Holy Spirit, you can see clearly that trials in the flesh are actually necessary.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol. 2, p. 8.*

Every son and daughter of God is expected to obey with a willing heart every word which the Lord has spoken, and which He will in the future speak to us. It is expected that we hearken to the revelations of His will, and adhere to them, cleave to them with all our might; for this is salvation, and anything short of this clips the salvation and the glory of the Saints.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol. 2, p. 82.*

When the Priesthood of God is upon the earth, then the priesthood of the devil may be seen operating, for he has got one. When the kingdom of God is on the earth, you may expect to see a special display or manifestation of the opposite to the gospel of the kingdom, or of the Priesthood of God.

JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol 2, p. 11.*

The Priesthood is a power we should respect, reverence and obey, no matter in whose hands it is.

JEDEDIAH M. GRANT.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol. 2, p. 15.*

Keep the tea, the coffee and the spirits from the mouths of your children.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol 2, p. 17*

I wish my sons to far exceed me in goodness and virtue. This is my earnest desire concerning my children, and that they not only walk in the footsteps of their father, but take a course to enjoy life, health and vigor while they live, and the spirit of intelligence



from God, that they may far outstrip their father in long life, and in the good they will perform in their day. What I say of my children I apply to all.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol. 2, p. 17.*

Make a covenant with yourselves that no more of that filthy, nasty and obnoxious weed called tobacco, shall enter your mouths; it is a disgrace to this and every other community.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol. 2, p. 18.*

If you are in any way suspicious that the acts of your parents are not right, if there is a conviction in your minds that they feed appetites that are injurious to them, then it is for you to abstain from that which you see is not good in your parents.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol. 2, p. 18.*

If you wish to be great in the kingdom of God, you must be good.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol. 2, p. 18.*

No man or woman in this kingdom that the Lord Almighty has again established upon the earth, can become great without being good—without being true to their integrity, faithful to their trust, full of charity and good works. If they do not order their lives to do all the good they can, they will be stripped of their anticipations of greatness. You may write that down, and write it as revelation, if you please, for it is true.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol. 2, p. 18.*

Be full of integrity and love for all peoples. Let love abound in you, be filled with truth and virtue, and never allow yourselves to do a thing you would be ashamed to do in the presence of the Lord Almighty, or that you would be ashamed of were He to stand in your path, and call you to account.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol. 2, p. 20.*

There are men who will tell you many things in your houses, and will try to pervert the truth, and the simple principles of the holy gospel, but you must remember that it is a holy life before God which gives you influence with Him.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol. 2, p. 20.*

Children should have milk, bread, water and potatoes; and everything that would lay the foundation for disease should be strenuously kept from their stomachs, that no appetites may be formed for pernicious substances, which, when formed, cannot be overcome easily, if at all.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

*Jour. of Dis., Vol. 2, p. 21.*

*Ben. E. Rich.*

#### GOETHE CONQUERED BY IMPUDENCE.

THE impudence of some people strides over that one step which is said to separate the sublime from the ridiculous. Goethe was once conquered by such impudence. The famous German poet was greatly irritated, as most literary men are, by gossips and bores. When visitors, who had nothing of value to say, consumed his time, he did not repress his impatience, and sometime was rude in his efforts to rid himself of their presence.

One evening, while at tea with a few literary friends, a card was handed him, which bore an American name. He sent back word that he was engaged, and begged to be excused. The American returned the impudent reply that he had come all the way from the United States to see Goethe, and begged he might not be disappointed.

Goethe rose, vexed and impatient, hurried to the study, took a stool and seated himself in the middle of the room, saying by his action (for he did not speak), "If you have come from the United States to see me, look till you are satisfied, and then leave."

The visitor took in the situation at a glance, and was equal to the emergency. He spoke not a word, but rising, lifted the lamp

from the table, and stood before Goethe. He first examined the poet's features and form critically, then surveyed his back. Putting down the lamp on the table, he took a piece of gold from a purse, laid it beside the lamp, and was about to leave. Goethe's sense of the comical was too strong to hold out against this cool effrontery. A smile stole over his face, ending in irresistible laughter, and they had a pleasant chat together. When he narrated the scene to his friends at the table, they were almost convulsed with merriment.

T.

### A NAVAL HERO.

**T**HOMAS MACDONOUGH, or Commodore Macdonough, at the time of the exploit by which we know him best, was only twenty-eight years old. "Tommy" was the affectionate diminutive applied to him by his sailors, when they spoke of him among themselves.

He was a thorough-bred sailor himself, and his wonderfully cool, manly courage had earned him naval shoulder-straps almost before he was out of his teens. A British man-of-war's captain got a taste of his mettle once, in the Mediterranean, when he was only twenty-one.

It was in the days of the monstrous doctrines of the "right of search" of all American vessels by British cruisers, and hundreds of "impressed" American seamen had already suffered by the assertion and practice of this claim.

Macdonough, then a young lieutenant, was in command of a vessel lying in the harbor of Gibraltar. In his absence an armed boat from an English frigate boarded the vessel and carried off one of the sailors. The young commander soon found out what was going on and gave swift chase in an armed boat of his own. He overtook the kidnappers, and though his force was considerably inferior, he promptly rescued the sailor and returned in triumph to his ship.

The captain of the British vessel pursued him in a great rage. He rushed on board his ship and confronted him with a ferocity that was intended to have scared him into apologizing at once.

"How dared you take a man from His Majesty's boat, sir?"

Macdonough was very calm, almost smiling.

"The man is an American seaman, and I have done my duty," said he.

"I'll come alongside and sink your ship!" cried the Englishman.

"You can do so," coolly replied Macdonough; "but so long as she swims that man you cannot have."

The quiet manner of the youthful lieutenant made the Briton furious. To be faced with such unruffled firmness by a beardless boy was insufferable.

"If I had been there," he roared out, "you would not have dared to take that man off the boat!"

"I should have attempted to," said Macdonough, as quietly as ever.

"What!" cried the captain, "do you mean to say that if I choose to impress men from this brig you'll interfere?"

"You have only to try it, sir, and see," said Macdonough.

The Englishman was fairly put out of countenance. All his bluster was worse than wasted on such an antagonist as this. It is enough to say that he did not "try" again to impress any of Macdonough's sailors. There was something about the cool young Yankee officer that looked dangerous, and he let him alone.

The troublous times that followed had further use for such a man as Thomas Macdonough. During the brief history of the gallant naval victories that gained unfading reputation to our infant navy, he proved his superior quality and won rapid promotion. The title of commodore was the highest America could give him, and none ever earned it better. He was a hero who owed nothing to rank; a knight of the sea without fear and

without reproach; a born nobleman and a Christian.

It is in connection with the battle of Plattsburg that Commodore Macdonough has been mentioned oftenest in song and story. Our last war with England was rapidly approaching its crisis when the little fleets built by the two hostile powers upon Lake Champlain met near the mouth of the Saranac for a decisive trial of strength. On the morning of the 11th of September, 1814, about two months after the bloody affair of Lundy's Lane, the battle of Plattsburg began.

The British and American land forces were facing each other across the river when Commodore Downie, with his men-of-war, rounded Cumberland Head and bore down upon Macdonough. The young hero was ready for him. It was characteristic of Macdonough that he never lost his hold upon the Almighty—the best reason in the world that he was always so cool and so quietly brave. Tommy Macdonough was a living example to a glorious text, "He that believeth shall not make haste."

He could always find time to pray, and in situations of public matter and moment he could pray just where he was. While Downie and his squadron were getting into line of battle, the young commander knelt on his deck in the midst of his men, and poured out his soul to the Most High.

"O Lord God of Hosts, God of battles! Remember Thy servant now. In this need and struggle appear in Thy power, and prosper the right and rebuke the wrong. All our help and hope are in Thee. O God of Hosts! God of battles! be gracious unto us, and give courage to these men; give success to our arms; give victory to our country's cause. Amen."

Almost on the echo of his prayer came the thunder of the first British broadside and the crash of cannon balls through the *Saratoga's* rigging.

The reply of the Americans was prompt and deadly. The fight began in earnest and raged with increasing fury, both on the water

and on the land—Macomb and Prevost pelting each other at the Saranac Bridge, and Macdonough and Downie pelting each other on Plattsburg Bay.

The British commodore felt confident. With his ninety-five guns against eighty-six, with his one thousand men against eight hundred, how could he doubt the result? But God was not "on the side of the strongest battalion" that day; and Macdonough believed in God.

Early in the battle an odd, providential incident diverted the horrors of the scene and stimulated the courage of the Americans. It would have been whimsical under almost any other circumstances. One of the enemy's cannon-shot crashed through a hencoop on board the *Saratoga* (Macdonough's flagship), and, of course, either killed or released all its inmates. An excited cock flew up into the rigging, and flapping his wings, celebrated his freedom with a triumphant crow. The brave tars immediately hailed this as a happy omen.

"Hurrah!" they shouted; "our flag will not be struck while that rooster crows!" And covered with sweat and powder, and spattered with blood, they plied their guns with redoubled spirit and effect.

Again the cock crew and flapped his wings,—crew again, and again and again.

It was better music than fife or drum to the sailors. There was something strangely thrilling in that farmyard clarion of peace suddenly transformed into the pibroch of war. They fought like Spartans as they heard it. Not a shot touched chanticleer, where he stood in the shrouds. At intervals, through the whole time of the battle, his defiant cock-a-doodle-doo pealed out above the awful tumult, cheering the men. They stood fiercely to their guns, doing terrible execution,—Macdonough vigilant everywhere, calmly giving his orders.

Two hours and twenty minutes, and down came the British colors. Commodore Downie was dead. One of his frigates, one brig, two sloops of war and several galleys became the

Americans' spoil, or were sunk in the lake. Before sunset General Macomb had nobly supplemented Macdonough's work. The British were driven from our northern frontier. The praying commodore was more than a match for them.

LIKE Richard Montgomery, Thomas Macdonough lived to be only thirty-nine. The good and the brave sometimes live long lives in a short period of time, measuring life by results and not by years. *T. B.*

### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER.

An Original Essay read before the Sunday School Union October 7th, 1889, by Miss Rose Wallace of the Seventh Ward Sunday School.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he gets old he will not depart from it."

THE Sunday schools of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints were organized for the purpose of training the children of Zion in the ways of the Lord; for the purpose of teaching them the principles of the gospel in such purity and simplicity that their susceptible minds may be impressed forever; that faith in God and His promises might be the guide of their lives; that this faith might become so strong that it would steadily grow and increase into perfect knowledge as they advance in years; that the spiritual nature of every individual child might be developed and cultivated; that each child's peculiar talents might be properly drawn out; that whatever position in life the child may be called to fill, it may be competent to perform the duties of that position.

Now the question arises, What qualifications are required of a teacher in the Sunday Schools of Zion?

Where can we look for a better example than Jesus Christ our Lord? Am I presuming too much in saying we should be like Jesus? I think not.

We read how Jesus took little children upon His knees and blessed them, talked with them, brought Himself down to their capacity and told them such sweet stories, treated them so gently and tenderly that they crowded around Him, eager to obtain even the sweet, loving smile with which He always greeted them, filling their innocent hearts with inexpressible love towards Him.

Cannot we teachers teach our pupils to love us? Cannot we love them the same? I answer, yes.

Who does not love to talk with little children upon the things of God? Who is there that has not often learned a life-long lesson of implicit faith in God from the prayer of a little child? If Jesus won the love of little children by kind words and deeds and sweet smiles, cannot we also? Is not the child's heart as easily won today as then?

These simple questions let each answer for himself and for herself, and see if our hearts are not drawn out, even now, with a greater love for the children of Zion.

In order that we may obtain the love of our classes, and having obtained it, retain it, we must be worthy of their confidence. If we promise, let us fulfil that promise.

We teachers must be living examples before our classes. We all know that the impressions made upon the mind of a child are everlasting in their effect. Good or bad, they influence the whole future career of that child. The teacher is looked upon by the child as a model. Whatever teacher does is right, the same as whatever mother does is right. I think if we understood this fact more perfectly we would be more careful of our words. Kind words and good, charitable deeds would be the rule of our lives.

In our Sunday schools the characters of the children of Zion are formed. Zion is upward and onward; so must be the children of Zion. Now the teacher's efforts and labors must be so much greater, because of the evil influences the child encounters during the week, unless he attends a Church school. Now that God has been banished from our day schools,

the Sunday schools must furnish the children enough spiritual food to counterbalance, yes, to blot out the effect of the influence necessarily following such a state of affairs.

Infidelity bears sway over the world and is creeping into our midst, seeking to destroy the faith of the youth of Zion. Parents and teachers, let us crush this infidelity in the bud. The question is, "how?" By removing our children from its influences and educating them under the Priesthood of God. If this cannot be done in our day schools, then it must be done in our Sunday schools.

Jesus said, "If ye love me, feed my lambs." Take the children by the hand, draw out their faith by relating to them the history of the Church; how God has ever blessed His Saints, ever answered their prayers and supplications, ever preserved them from their enemies. How He is ever ready to bless little children and to answer their prayers. Thus strengthen their faith until it becomes pure and concentrated, and they can say to yonder mountain, "Remove thou hence," and it shall be removed, or shall ask God to grant them any blessing their hearts shall desire in righteousness and it *can* not, *shall* not be denied. Such is the faith we should all have. We can do this if we place ourselves in a position to do it. Live so that we may always have the Holy Ghost to enlighten our minds and quicken our understandings, that we may be able to comprehend the natures of the children placed in our charge, and to administer to them according to their necessities.

Practical, tangible teaching is required for our little ones. Let them learn to do by doing. Teach them the power of prayer by letting them pray for those who are sick, destitute, or in trouble; by letting them pray for whatever they desire, going to God with as much confidence as they go to their natural parents for food; teaching them to watch for the answer to their prayers, and then thank God for it when it comes, as it surely will. Teach them the power of kindness by being kind to them. It is natural for a child to be good, to be full of faith, to give sweet smiles

and kind words—a kiss for a slap. It is our fault that their natures are perverted. We yield to selfishness and resentment, so then do the children. They are mirrors, reflecting our acts. Read to them the lives of our great and noble men, Joseph Smith, Parley P. Pratt, Heber C. Kimball, and many others. These books are filled with examples and incidents of faith, humility and integrity to God which, in simply reading, carry such a feeling of assurance of their truth that the children cannot doubt them. The Faith-Promoting Series contain stories at once fascinating and true, hence good in their effect. Bible stories, showing forth faith, obedience, sacrifice of self and love of God, are at our command. Leaflets upon the life of Christ are issued that will acquaint the children with the whole life of the Savior, from His birth to His death; the mighty miracles He performed; the holy doctrines He expounded, and His loving, gentle and forgiving nature through all His agony and sorrow. Truly a rich heritage for the children of Zion.

We teachers must not say to ourselves that we will not study these books, we will not make ourselves acquainted through study with the dispositions of our pupils, we will not study the gospel to expound it to them because God says, "Take no thought of what ye shall say, but rely upon the Spirit of God." Behold, faith without works is dead. What does not exist in our minds cannot be drawn out, even by the Spirit of God. God does not encourage idleness among His people. He does not give them knowledge unless they seek it, but He says: "Seek ye knowledge out of the best books." Therefore we must fill our minds with knowledge, that when we meet on a Sabbath morning to teach our classes we can depend upon the Holy Ghost to draw from our store-house of knowledge that which God in His wisdom sees that the children need.

It is said that "variety is the spice of life," and with the children it evidently is; for the teacher must be always finding something new in order to keep them interested. Children

love to tell what they know, and what they think about things. Relate to them a story of the faith of some little child and they can instantly tell a similar story of their own experience; when they have lost some toy, and after searching for it, have been unsuccessful they have asked God to show them where it is and they have found it.

This kind of a thing is just what we want. We must talk with the children, bring ourselves down to their capacity and be one of them. Call for questions, getting them to answer simply and truthfully.

In this way all the principles of the gospel may be taught. In conference we were told to teach the children to pay their honest tithing. Teach them that tithing is given to the Lord to build temples, spread the gospel, feed the hungry, clothe the naked and minister to the sick. Teach them that when they give to the poor they lend to the Lord and He will repay them a hundred fold in eternal as well as temporal blessings.

Teachers, we have been called and set apart to teach the children of Zion. We have had hands laid upon our heads by those having authority; and have been endowed with power from on high to perform this noble mission. It rests with us as to whether our work is done well or not.

We cannot excuse ourselves for lack of knowledge, for our resources are unlimited. Books are written upon every conceivable subject in the gospel. If we will but read them their contents are ours.

God says: "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you; ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find."

In our "labor of love" we are not dependent upon ourselves alone, we can go to God and obtain His assistance. If our class is unruly, we can ask our Father to help us restore it to order. If we feel weak, we can ask Him for strength, and it will be given us.

I wonder if we were brought to think more of these things, if our duties as teachers would seem such tasks. If we could realize that God has so honored us as to call us to instruct His

precious souls whom He has reserved until this the dispensation of the fullness of times, and now sent upon the earth to roll on His work to its completion, would we grow weary of well doing? We all answer no, we will not grow weary, we will not give up our labor.

Brethren and sisters, we are entrusted with the development of the souls of the children of Zion. We are living examples unto them. We are responsible for their future conduct. If we shirk our duties then we must answer for the lack of the love of the truth in the hearts of our pupils. If we perform every duty with singleness of heart before God, then our reward will be eternal. Then let us arise and put on the armor of righteousness and prepare the youth of Zion for the trials that await them; prepare the youth of Zion for the great battle of truth with error, and teach them to stand upon their own testimony and not depend upon others.

" Lord may we now and ever,  
Keep our eye intent on Thee;  
Do Thou, great Shepherd of the sheep,  
Our bright example be.

" With plenteous grace our hearts prepare,  
To execute Thy will;  
And give us patience, love and care,  
And faithfulness and skill.

" Inspire our minds with ardent zeal,  
Thy flock to feed and teach;  
And may we live, and may we feel,  
The truths we're called to preach.

" As showers refresh the thirsty plain  
So let our labors prove;  
By us extend Thy righteous reign  
Thy reign of truth and love."

IF MISFORTUNES have befallen you by your own misconduct, live and be wiser for the future. If they have befallen you by the fault of others, live; you have nothing wherewith to reproach yourself. If your character be unjustly attacked, live; time will remove the aspersion. If you have spiteful enemies, live; and disappoint their malevolence. If you have kind and faithful friends (and kindred), live; to bless and protect them. If you hope for immortality, live; and prepare to enjoy it.



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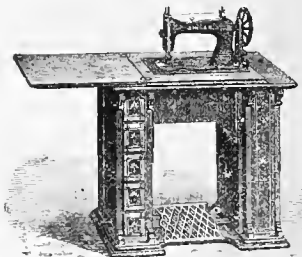
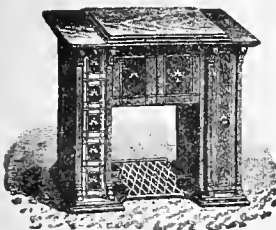
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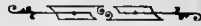
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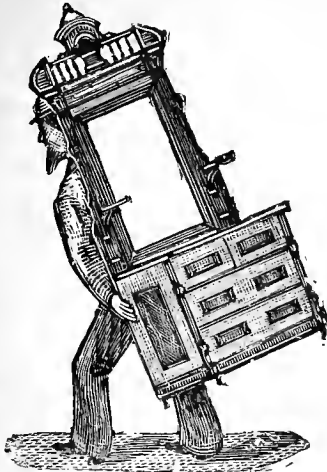
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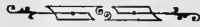
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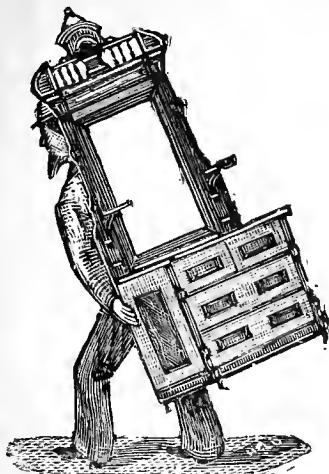
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